

I Don't Dance

by driver picks the music

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Summary: Part of the Red Camaro series focusing on Miles and Monica. This starts with their first official date and follows them over the next few months as they try to navigate a new relationship and maintain an old friendship. Mentions of Charloe. Rated T for some mild swearing

I Don't Dance

****I'm back! No I didn't fall off the face of the earth (or abandon the fandom), I've just been busy with real life and in a bit of a writing slump. But I have been working on this for a while and I hope that you like it because I've really enjoyed writing it.****

****This isn't Charloe (Gasp I know!) but it is a spin off of sorts from my Red Camaro series. If you haven't read that, than not only are you missing out on a (if I do say so myself) really good run of stories, but this also won't make a whole lot of sense.****

****This story focuses on Miles and my Red Camaro OC Monica, there are mentions of Charloe and they make a few appearances if that helps keep you from being sad that this isn't a new Charloe story... :(lol****

****Anyway, enough of my ramblings.****

****Disclaimer: Obviously I don't own revolution of any of the characters. I own Monica and nothing else.****

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><p>"Are you going to go out with me or not?"

Monica chuckled and shook her head. "Well I mean, since you asked so nicely, I guess I will."

Miles smiled at her. A real smile, not a smirk. "Good, you made the right choice."

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"This is weird right? Why is this weird? We've hung out a million times before, even had meals together. This isn't that different."

Miles smirked at the woman sitting across the table from him, her brows furrowed as she looked at the menu in her hand. But he knew what she meant. It was kind of weird.

They were at a nice restaurant, the kind that Miles would never have picked himself; candles and clothe napkins and everything; but Bass said would be a good idea. _"Monica will love it. I know her, remember we fake dated. Trust me."_

Now here they were, struggling to find a topic of conversation that lasted more than a sentience or two.

"You're asking me? Most of my experience with dating has been awkward as hell." he said.

Monica frowned. "What about Rachel?" she asked, immediately wanting to slap herself for bringing up his dead long term girlfriend on their first date. "_Great ice breaker Monica"_ she thought to herself.

Miles only continued to smirk and shook his head slightly. "Yeah that was the most awkward." he said, leaning forward and resting his elbows on the table top. "She was my older brothers widow, remember? That's not the most ideal situation going into a new relationship."

He sat back and frowned down at his own menu. "And now here I am, out with the best friend of her daughter, who's more than twenty years my junior."

It was Monica's turn to lean forward as she reached across the table and placed a hand over one of his. "Hey," she said softly. "look at me." when Miles lifted his eyes to her, Monica tilted her head slightly, her dark hair falling to one side as it swept down over her shoulder. "What do you see?"

Miles eyes softened and one corner of his mouth lifted. "You're beautiful." he said, enjoying the way the color rose lightly on her face as she blushed slightly at his words.

Monica smiled. "When you look at me, _who _do you see?"

Miles raised a brow. "I see you."

"Do you?" she asked.

Miles nodded and smiled. "Yeah, I see Monica."

She nodded once and leaned back, letting her hand slid from his. "Good, than that's all that matters." she shrugged a shoulder. "It's

you and it's me and it's a little weird, and that's alright. Besides," she said. "I've always had a thing for older guys."

Miles laughed and just like that, just like she said, it was alright.

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Miles loosely held her hand as they walked up to her apartment building. After that initial awkwardness, things were good. Better even. It's Miles and it's Monica and they are friends and this is good. As Miles looks over at her he can't help but think that it's not only good, it's right.

"Well that didn't totally suck." Monica said, breaking the silence.

Miles laughed. It seemed he had done more of that tonight than he had in a long time. "Well I guess I can't ask for much more than that."

Monica smiled cheekily at him and gave his hand a squeeze before letting go and grabbing her key from her purse.

"Do you want to come up for a little while?" she asked, suddenly feeling shy. A feeling she hadn't had to deal with since she was a kid.

He did.

Miles was surprised by how much he wanted to follow her upstairs. But he had a feeling this was going to be something serious. Something big. And as much as he wanted to go with her now, he also didn't want to rush anything and risk screwing it all up. There was a lot at stake here.

"I would love to." he said and she smiled. "But I'm not going to."

"Oh" Monica said, her smile fading.

Miles stepped towards her. "You're important to me." he said. "And I would really like to do this again."

Monica nodded, the smile returning. "Me too." she said, all joking aside.

Miles smirked. "Good." he said before reaching out and brushing her hair back behind her ear, leaving his hand cupping her cheek.

Never one to let the man do all the work, Monica didn't wait on Miles, and leaned up and pressed her mouth to his; catching him off guard and enjoying his surprised gasp and the way his hand slid into her hair, his other hand finding her waist as he held her close.

As they pulled apart Monica smiled at the slightly dazed expression on his face. "Well at least that wasn't awkward." she said.

Miles chuckled and shook his head. "No, that's definitely not the word I would use."

"Goodnight Miles." She said, the smile still on her face as she opened the door.

Miles waited until she had the door open and was ready to step inside before responding. "Goodnight Monica."

Monica smiled one last time before letting the door shut as she turned to go upstairs. Knowing he was still standing there, watching after her.

Monica was sitting on her couch watching an old movie on tv when she got a text. She smiled when she saw Miles name on the screen and quickly opened the message.

"_What are you doing?" _

Monica smirked as she typed out a reply. _"It's after midnight, what do you think I'm doing?"_

It was only a moment later when he texted back.

"_Watching tv probably."_

Monica chuckled at how well he knew her.

"_OK mister smarty-pants, what are you doing? Don't you old timers need your sleep?"_ she said knowing that he would roll his eyes at that dig at his age.

"_I'm not THAT old, and I actually just got off work. I was just wrapping up a case."_

Monica folded her legs under her as she got comfortable on the couch.

"_Oh, so you caught the bad guy?"_ she asked, knowing that he did. He always did.

"_Yeah, a woman in this case. Do you want to get some coffee?"_

Monica raised her brows. She hadn't expected that. They had been texting back and forth since their first date, but hadn't had the chance to actually see each other again in the last week.

"_Right now?"_ she typed back.

"_Yeah"_

"_Yeah"_ she said back

She jumped up and rushed around the apartment changing out of her pajamas and into jeans and a sweater. She had just pulled the sweater over her head and ran her fingers through her hair when the buzzer sounded at her door, letting her know Miles was here.

She pressed the intercom button with one hand while pulling on her shoes with the other. "Hey, I'll be right down."

Then without waiting for a reply she lifted her finger from the button and pulled the door open, grabbing her keys and phone as she hurried out.

Monica smiled when she opened the door and saw Miles waiting for her on the front walk. "Hey." she said as she tucked some hair behind her ear.

Miles smirked at her. "Hi."

He motioned to the car at the curb and tilts his head. "Shall we?"

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The ride to the dinner, the only place open at this hour, was ridden in silence. But it wasn't awkward silence, it was relaxing. It was nice to be able to just be with someone and not have to fill every moment with talk.

Charlie had once told her that was one of her favorite things about her relationship with Bass. They could just _BE_ with one another and didn't have to worry about trying to impress or entertain the other.

Monica relaxed against the seat and turned her head and watched Miles as he drove them through the dark streets. It was obvious that he was tired after a long day at work, but she was filled with an almost giddy happiness that instead of rushing home to sleep, his first thought was to talk to her.

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Miles watched her across the table from him. She played with the little plastic coffee stirrer as she told him about the kids that had come into the library that day and knocked down a whole shelf of books and then actually stayed to help clean it up.

Her whole face lit up when she smiled and laughed about it.

She was beautiful.

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After Monica tried to hid a yawn behind her hand, causing Miles to start yawning into his coffee cup, they realized just how late it really was and decided they had better call it a night.

Miles surprised her and grabbed her hand as they strolled out of the dinner. Then he surprised her once more when he pulled her to a stop on the sidewalk out front.

Monica raised her brows at him in question, but Miles only smiled, that rare genuine smile, and leaned closer and kissed her.

His fingers sinking into her hair as her hands found the edges of his jacket, pulling him closer.

It wasn't a very long kiss, but it was full of tenderness and a promise for more to come.

"I need to ask you something."

Bass looked from the TV to Miles who sat at the other end of the couch. "OK."

Miles sighed and turned slightly so he was looking more towards Bass. "You and Charlie are happy together right?"

Bass frowned at the question, wondering where it had come from. "I mean, it's not all sunshine and roses 24/7, but yeah we're happy."

Miles nodded, looking at the beer bottle in his hand with a frown.

Bass muted the TV and tossed the remote down. "What's going on?"

Miles shrugged. "Does the age thing ever bother you?" he asked.

Bass smiled slightly, suddenly understanding where this was all coming from. He nodded. "Yeah in the beginning it did." he said and shrugged. "I worried that I was too old for her, but Charlie was quick to remind me that our ages didn't matter. We love each other." he shrugged again "And at the end of the day Brother, that's really all that matters."

Miles nodded, the frown replaced with a thoughtful look as he thought about what Bass had said.

"Besides." Bass said with a smirk. "Monica's much smarter than you, so if she says it's right, I would listen to her."

Miles rolled his eyes. "Haha." he said. "Dick."

Bass shook his head a little. "Seriously though, if you really care about her, don't let the age thing get in the way."

Miles nodded. "You're right, I know you are, but I have one more question."

Bass raised a brow. "What?" he asked.

Miles sighed. "When you and Charlie went from friends to more than, was it ever weird, like you suddenly thought _"This is charlie, what am I doing?"_ kind of weird?"

Bass shook his head. "No, not really." he said with a smile on his face. "It was more like us being together was the only logical next step, like everything had been leading to that."

Miles looked thoughtful and nodded again and Bass shrugged. "But I really doubt it's that simple, that cut and dry for everyone. You and Monica are weird, embrace it."

"OK quick before he comes back, how are things going with you guys?" Charlie asked Monica when they were all out together. Miles had gone to the restroom and it was just the three of them at the table.

Monica rolled her eyes and shook her head, a small smile on her face. "Things are good." she said. "We're going slow, taking our time."

Charlie raised a brow. "Really? You don't ever go slow."

Monica frowned and Bass chuckled. "And look how well that always worked for me, I want things to be different this time." she leaned closer, prompting the other two to do the same. "I really want this to work out."

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Miles had his arm around Monica's shoulders as they sat and watched the other couples dance. Miles wasn't a dancer. Never had been. Monica was fine with that, as long as he didn't mind her dancing with someone else every now and then.

"Come on." Bass said, holding a hand out to Monica as Charlie sat back down. "Come dance with me and we'll make this idiot jealous."

Monica smiled and let Bass lead her to the dance floor.

Charlie laughed at the frown on Miles face, and he turned to her and raised one dark brow. "What's so funny giggles?"

Charlie only shook her head. "You are. You have it so bad for her." she laughed at his eye roll. "You loooove her." she said in a sing song voice. "You want to hug her and kiss her and marry her." she said with a giggle.

Miles shook his head and crossed his arms over his chest. "I see somebody has been having fun tonight, hitting the bottle a little hard aren't you?"

Charlie only chuckled. "I'm kid free tonight, I'm not going to miss my shot!" she said and laughed again.

Miles finally chuckled. "I think maybe you've had enough shots."

Charlie only shrugged with another smile. "That doesn't change the fact that you totally like Monica, like for real like her, like serious like her."

Instead of answering, Miles shook his head and rolled his eyes once again and turned back to watch Monica and Bass on the dance floor.

Monica looked into the mirror above the sink in Miles bathroom. This was a room she had been in plenty of times when Bass and Charlie lived in this house. But looking around it was hard to believe this was the same house at all. It was so totally Miles now that it seemed like another lifetime ago that the Monroe's had lived here.

Shaking her head at her wayward thoughts, Monica took a deep breath and let it out slowly as she focused on herself in the mirror. She fluffed out her hair a little and ran her hands down the button up

shirt she was wearing. The one that she had snagged from the closet on her way in here.

No more going slow.

She was in this for the long haul and she had a pretty good feeling Miles was too. They hadn't said those three little words to each other yet, but she felt them. Every time she looked at him, or he took her hand, or she smelled him on her clothes after spending the evening with him. She felt them.

She knew him and she knew he wasn't ready to say it, or even to hear it from her. But that didn't change anything.

She loved him.

She was in love with Miles.

And tonight she was going to show him just how much.

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Miles paced around the bedroom.

It had been almost two years since Rachel passed, and it wasn't like he had been a monk the entire time. There hadn't been many but there had been a few other women. But this was different. This was Monica.

This would mean something, something big, and once they crossed this line there was no going back.

But as Monica opened the bathroom door and stepped out wearing nothing but his shirt, Miles realized that the line had been crossed already.

And he didn't want to go back.

Monica was waiting outside the station when Miles got off work. It was late and it was cold and it was snowing.

He smiled when he saw her.

She held her mitten covered hand out to him. "What are you doing here?" he asked as he slipped his bare hand into wool covered one.

She smiled. "I missed you."

Miles pulled her close to him and leaned down and kissed her, short and sweet, and put his arm around her shoulders. "Me too." he said.

Monica pulled away from him and looked up into the night sky and stuck her tongue out and caught a snowflake before smiling back up at him. "Hey." she said.

Miles raised his brows. "What?"

"I like you."

He smirked. "I like you too." he said.

Monica grabbed his hand. "Will you do me a favor?" she asked seriously.

Miles nodded. "Anything."

"Walk through the snow with me?" she asked.

Miles laughed and nodded again. "Yeah."

"You are a completely ridiculous person!" Monica said angrily as Bass opened the front door to let her and Miles inside.

He stepped back to let the pair in before turning surprised eyes to Charlie. She shrugged, letting him know she didn't know why they might be fighting.

Miles stepped inside and rolled his eyes. "I think you're being a little ridiculous yourself right now, you're making a big deal out of nothing."

"Nothing?" Monica asked, no longer sounding mad, but rather sad, almost on the verge of tears. "I tell you I love you, and you don't say anything, you just sit there like a stone not even looking at me, and you call that nothing?"

Bass and Charlie once again look to the other, surprise on both their faces.

Monica shrugged her shoulders slightly and shook her head. "Doesn't this," she said, waving a hand between the two of them, "mean anything to you? Don't _I_ mean anything to you?"

Miles looked at her for a moment before glancing at Bass and Charlie, who stood watching them as if they were watching a soap opera. All that was missing was their popcorn.

"Can we just talk about this later?" he asked.

Monica scoffed and nodded. "You know what? That's actually a great idea." she said before turning to Charlie. "I'm sorry, but I'm not going to be able to stay for dinner tonight."

Charlie nodded as Miles sighed. "Yeah, of course, do you want a ride or anything?" she asked.

Monica shook her head. "No, we brought my car, he might need a ride later." she said, shooting a glare towards Miles.

Miles shook his head and headed towards the kitchen.

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Charlie walked Monica out to her car. "Hey, if you need to talk about anything, I'm right here for you." she said. "Don't think because it's Miles I'll take his side, he may be my uncle and one of my best friends, but he's still an idiot." she said, smiling when Monica chuckled.

"Thanks, I'll keep that in mind." she said as she opened her car door. "I'll probably call you later."

Charlie waved as Monica pulled out of the drive before sighing and turning towards the house. It was time to have a little chat with her idiot of an uncle.

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"What is wrong with you?" Charlie said when she entered her kitchen and found Miles sitting at the table with a bottle of beer in his hand.

Bass was in the living room with Rae so it was just the two of them in the kitchen.

Miles looked up at her and shrugged. "Maybe I wasn't loved enough as a child?"

Charlie rolled her eyes as she sat down across from him. "I'm serious Miles, what happened?"

He sighed and ran a hand down his face. "I don't know. We were in the car, and she was talking about this guy at work that she doesn't like and I made a joke about arresting him for her, pinning a murder charge on him, junk like that, and she laughed." he said and shrugged. "And then she said she loved me, and then she just kind of froze and so did I because I wasn't expecting that at all, and obviously neither was she." he said.

"But then she just kind of shrugged and told me that she hadn't meant to blurt it out like that but it's true, she's in love with me and has been for a while now and was just waiting to tell me."

Charlie let out a breath. "Wow."

Miles nodded. "Yeah, that's what I was thinking, but I couldn't make myself say anything, and then we got here and you know the rest." he sighed. "I just sat there."

Charlie sat quietly for a moment before bluntly asking, "Do you love her?"

Miles opened his mouth but no words came out.

Charlie smiled a little. "You loved Mom, I know you did, I've heard you say it more than once."

Miles nodded and smiled softly. "Yeah, I was in love with your mother for a long time." he said.

Charlie reached out and placed her hand over his. "It's OK to be scared to love someone else." she said, causing Miles to look at her in surprise.

She gave his hand a light squeeze. "But it's not OK to hurt her because you're scared." Charlie sat back in her chair. "If you love her, talk to her, let her know what's going on in that thick head of yours." she said. "And if you don't love her, you still need to talk

to her about it."

Miles nodded. "I know." he said and shrugged. "But I'm kind of scared."

Monica walked into the precinct. After two days of not hearing from Miles she knew she needed to do something about this situation they found themselves in. She also knew that as much as she wanted to be mad at him about it, it was partially her fault. She forced an issue that she knew he was touchy about and then picked a fight when it didn't turn out how she wanted it to.

So here she was. She knew he was due to be off work soon so she was going to meet him and try to get him to talk about things before everything got even more screwed up.

"Can I help you?" asked a young woman in a uniform holding a file folder.

Monica smiled at her. "Oh, I'm actually just waiting for Detective Matheson."

The young officer smiled. "Oh, you must be Monica." she said. "I'm Heather."

Monica furrowed her brows slightly as she smiled in confusion. "Yeah, how did youâ€¦?"

"Oh" Heather said. "You look just like your picture, the one Miles keeps on his desk." she smiled slyly. "Plus he talks about his girlfriend all the time."

Monica smiled softly. "Really?"

Heather nodded. "Really. He seems to really care about you." she said. "He seems like a grouch, but everyone knows he's really just a big softy." she cocked her brow. "So be good to him, he's been through a lot."

Monica nodded. "I will." she said. "Thank you."

Heather nodded and smiled. "No problem. You can wait right over there." she said pointing to a bench for visitors. "It was nice to meet you, he should be out soon."

Monica smiled again. "You too, thanks again."

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"Monica?" Miles asked as soon as he sees her waiting for him. "What are you doing here?"

He knew he needed to talk to her, he couldn't put it off forever, but he hadn't been expecting her to show up like this.

Monica stood and smiled awkwardly at him. "Hey, can we talk?" she asked.

Miles nodded and ushered her outside towards his car. "Yeah, lets sit."

They got into the car and looked at each other in silence for a moment.

"I'm sorry." they said together.

Miles frowned. "What are you sorry for?" he asked.

Monica shrugged. "Because I knew that the whole thing was going to be a tough topic to bring up with you in the first place, and then I just sprung it on you out of the blue and then got mad at you for being surprised about it." she shrugged again. "So I'm sorry. What are you sorry for?"

Miles sighed. "For being the kind of person that makes you feel bad for telling me you love me." he said and Monica looked away from him, down at her hands in her lap.

He reached over and grabbed one of her hands. "For not saying anything." he squeezed her hand. "For being too scared to say anything."

She lifted her gaze back up to his and shook her head. "What are you scared of? She asked.

Miles sighed again and looked out the windshield. "I was in love with one woman for half my life, and then she was just gone."

Monica took her free hand and covered their joined hands with it, giving him her support to keep going.

"And then you came along and surprised the hell out of me." he said causing her to laugh. Miles looked over at her. "You scare me. The way I feel about you scares me." he said.

"It's like my feelings for you are the same and completely different at the same time, from the way I felt about Rachel, its all new territory for me." he said. "I never expected to go threw the initial falling stages again with anyone."

He shrugged and smiled crookedly. "But like I said, you surprised me." he turned slightly so he was facing her better. "I love you." he said. "I'm in love with you, and I'm sorry that I was too much of a chicken shit to make sure you knew it sooner."

Monica smiled at him. "It's ok," she said, "I knew you were a chicken shit before we got together."

Miles laughed and let go of her hands as he leaned forward, meeting her half way as one hand slipped into her hair and his lips met hers.

Monica grabbed his jacket and pulled him closer before breaking the kiss when the need for air became too much. She rested her forehead against his and smiled, her eyes closed. "I love you too."

Bass sat with his arm draped across the back of Charlies chair as she leaned into his side. Monica sat across the table from them as they all talked and waited for Miles to come back from the bar.

It had been a while since they all had a chance to go out together like this and they were all having a good time.

Bass had just made some stupid joke and Charlie was rolling her eyes as she lightly elbowed him and Monica was chuckling when Miles sat a round of drinks down on the table before holding his hand out.

Monica looked at his hand and then raised a brow at him. "What?" she asked.

He rolled his eyes. "Come on." he said, waving his hand slightly.

Monica looked suspicious but placed her hand in his, letting him pull her out of her chair. "Were are we going?" she asked.

Miles smirked. "To dance."

Bass and Charlie both watched in surprise as Monica smiled widely at Miles as they headed for the dance floor.

Miles pulled her close and rested a hand on her hip as the music changed and a new song began. Monica pursed her lips. "I thought you didn't dance?" she asked.

Miles smiled softly, the one that lets her know he's genuinely happy. "Don't you know by now?" he asked as they moved to the music.

Monica tilted her head slightly. "Know what?"

Miles spun her before pulling her close once again. "I would do anything with you."

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><p>Thanks for reading, I hope you enjoyed it.

And remember...

Reviews make you AWESOME!

End
file.